

Dear Abbet

*"satire is always unpleasant to those who deserve it."*

FROM THE ABBET'S CONFESSIONAL:

Dearly beloved, it is with a heavy heart that I write this column, knowing it not only to be the last column of the year, but the last of my career on this campus. For an angel of the Lord appeared unto me, commanded me to leave these Hollow Halls for an institution of higher learning. It is for this reason I write this open letter to thee.

Dear Readers,

Upon my ejection from high school, I was in somewhat of a quandry. My difficulty was choosing a suitable institution at which to continue my education. I wrote to numerous colleges and universities asking for information. All were quick to oblige, except for Saint Leo. Later, I learned that the delay was due to an investigation of my credit rating. When they found it satisfactory, I received one Manila envelope, which contained many "futuristic" drawings, but few actual photographs of the campus. Foolishly, I was impressed and I begged my parents to send me to this fantastic, "Notre Dame of the South."

After an anxious 24 hour wait, I received my acceptance and began packing my bags. As the handbook advised, I left my sandals and cut-off blue jeans behind; however, I made sure to pack my razor.

I arrived on campus the twenty-ninth day of August and was greeted by my sandaled, bearded and cut-off clad dorm advisor who directed me to my sparsely furnished cubicle on the lower West Side of the campus.

I'll never forget my first meal here. How can I! I still have the scar on my abdomen to remember it by. I never realized how bad food could taste till I came to St. Leo. Ever since that first meal it's just been one appendectomy after another.

On the following Thursday, I received my laundry. It came in two bags: one marked "wearables" and the other "Goodwill." I didn't mind the starch in my ties, but the starch in the underwear — that really "grabbed" me.

I heard a rumor about a nearby bustling metropolis, known as Dade City; but after my first "thumb-in", I affectionately renamed it Dead City.

Then came my first weekend. I was never one who believed in drinking, but after my first dance here, I could easily understand why there were so many drunks.

The social life here revolves around one thing, wheels, "and if you ain't got none, you can't have no fun."

But getting back to drinking, which I usually do every weekend, I still have the first can I drank and the second can I drank and the third and the

... I would like to dispose of them, but there isn't a clean place for miles around.

Drinking, by far, is not the only problem. The administration is running a close second. Lately it seems that many of the administrators are being "coached" into making their decisions and in turn most of the decisions are being made by coaches.

It is rumored that one of our administrators has demanded the end to all rumors on campus, while others are trying to find justification to the rumor that we have been accredited.

Recent conditions in the Office of the President bring to mind the current situation in Panama where the President has refused to be ousted and is seeking revenge against his opponents.

One of the greatest drawbacks of the school is the attitude of the students. It ranges from "total apathy" to "complete apathy". The usual result of being a .03 average. If these .03's are continually given a second chance, this school will be known as nothing more than a "second chance" college. A good student appreciates a challenging curriculum and I have yet to find the challenge at Saint Leo.

In conclusion, I would like to say that after satirizing many people, places and things on campus, my only regret is that I have not satirized them enough.

THE ABBET

CONFIDENTIAL: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

Many of you are probably wondering why this column, "Dear Abbet", did not appear in the college "news medium and the organ of student opinion."

The answer is simple. A tyrannical editor, whose whims must be catered to, dictated that our freedom of speech must be sacrificed for what appears to be his own personal and monetary gain. It seems as though this one-time crusader for the student liberties has been transformed from a fighter for the people, to a puppet of the administration. The string being a possible FULL scholarship to this glorious institution.

We feel as though he is trying to use this censorship as a stepping stone into the administration's heart; and for allowing us to express our candid views, we thank this Dear Editor.

THE ABBET

We graciously thank the editors of the LION'S TALE for giving us this forum of free speech.

FRANK BURKE and KEN HABERSHON